

# Semi - Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

*Col. Wofford's Oratory.*

Mr. Wofford, of Kentucky, is the talking member of Congress. The impulse to take the floor seems to be irresistible with him. Mr. Wofford commanded the First Kentucky Cavalry during the war. He was a border Union man, and by virtue of his strong war record he sits on the democratic side, representing a mountain district which would naturally send a republican. There is nothing elegant in Mr. Wofford's appearance. His figure is stumpy and a long-skirted frock coat doesn't improve the outlines. A very fat face, which is repose is broadened by a grin, conveys the impression that Mr. Wofford may be a humorist. This impression is dispelled soon after the Kentuckian gets the floor. His style of oratory is the pathetic. Give him the case of a loyal widow whose wood pile melted away in the sixties as the result of the proximity of a camp. For two minutes Mr. Wofford talks with great gravity; then his arms begin to swing. The perspiration comes out in great drops, and rolls down his face. His voice quavers, and takes on the tremulo of the camp-meeting exhorter. At length we weep. It seems as if he is about to be overcome with emotion. Not so! He is now in his red heat, and he maintains it until the rap of the gavel informs him that his time is up.

Then the tears stop, the deep, rich color gradually recedes, the perspiration dries, the broad face expands with the happy look, and Mr. Wofford is serene and at peace with all the world again. To see Mr. Wofford work himself up to the orator pitch and let himself down to his normal level without wrecking his suspenders is one of the features of the Forty-ninth Congress.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

*A Brakeman's Melancholy Experience.*

"Talking about sudden changes in temperature," said a St. Paul brakeman; "Let me tell you of a little experience I had one day a few weeks ago. It was a nice, warm day, and I was out on my run, and was just congratulating myself that we'd got through on time this trip. We'd had tough times with snow and cold, and I was particularly pleased with the fine outlook on this occasion, 'cause I wanted to get home in time to lead the prayer meeting,' bein' as it was my turn. I'm a religious man, you see, an' so you can place the utmost confidence in what I tell you. Well, as I was a sayin', it was a nice, warm, thawing day, and we were making good time. Pretty soon, though, the train stopped, miles from any station, and I stepped out to see what the matter was. I noticed that it seemed slightly colder and I shivered a bit as I stood in the slush and water looking ahead where the engineer was fixing something about his machine. By the time the engineer had concluded his fixing, probably three or four minutes, I was chilled through and wasn't sorry to see him jump into his cab and to hear the bell ring for starting. I made a move to get on the train but it wasn't much of a move. In fact I was stuck. I could no more move my feet than if the court-house had been sitting on one of them and the City Hall on the other. You see while I had been standing in that water the temperature had suddenly fallen, so that the water had turned to firm ice, and my feet were frozen fast. The train moved off without me, despite my cries, and I stayed there three hours and missed my prayer meeting. That beat all the sudden changes in temperature I ever heard of, and you can bet it was a cold day when I got left."

*Letter From a Colored Man.*

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

I visited the Anchorage State Asylum this week and I was very much surprised to see how nicely everything was carried on by Superintendent H. K. Pusey. I talked with a good many of the patients and they all give the officers splendid names. Anchorage has had a bad name, but I think it is fast being redeemed under the present management. The fact that all the patients that I talked with thought a good deal of both the male and female attendants led me to believe that they were well cared for. I went to Anchorage to see my wife and I found that she was getting along well, and her reason was almost restored. The number of colored patients are 100. I did not visit the white department, because I did not have the time. Colored attendants, Mr. Wesley Anderson, Anderson Boone, Mrs. Lucinda Smith, Miss Anna Ford. I found them all to be kind and friendly and I was confident that I was leaving my wife in good hands.

Respectfully, CHARLEY STEWART.

Burlesque Actress—"Have you any black silk tights?" Clerk—"No, madam but we have other colors." Burlesque Actress—"I must have black. My husband died recently, and I am wearing mourning."

In Peru elections thirteen persons were killed or wounded at Huacho. The elections were conducted on the Cincinnati plan.

GEO. O. BARNES.

'Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.'

DELHI, N. W. P. INDIA, Jan. 16th, 1886.

DEAR INTERIOR.—Every place has its specialty of some sort. The glory of Delhi, is its "Jumma Masjid" (Great Mosque) inside, and its "Kootub Minar" outside. Before we finally quit this ancient city, let us pay a brief visit to each, though I despair of inspiring your readers with a tithe of the interest we had in going over them.

The "Jumma Masjid" lies about 100 yards outside the Fort. A natural rock, some 40 or 50 feet high, has been taken advantage of in its construction and its top levelled for this Mohammedan Temple. The Orthodox pattern of all Eastern mosques, obtains in this—a great quadrangle, with the minar forming the western side—because that is the Mecca side—the other three, arched cloisters, in the centre of each a noble gateway; that facing the East, the most imposing.

The terrace on which the Jumma Masjid is built is mounted by massive red sandstone steps—most impressive flights—and quite in keeping with the general grandeur of the building they lead to. There is not an insignificant point in the whole, to detract, in the least, from the glorious *tout ensemble*. The eye is, simply filled, with the stateliness and perfect finish of every part—turn which you will.

The quadrangle is open to the sky and "paved with fair stones;" with a white marble tank in the centre, ever filled for ablutionary purposes; for the devotee, without bathing, may not worship—holding fast "the traditions of the elders."

The mosque—200 feet frontage by 120 feet depth—is paved with slabs of white marble 3 feet by  $\frac{1}{2}$ , with each bordered prettily by a narrow ribband of black ditto inlaid. Each slab will hold one worshiper with room for suitable positions. Three magnificient domes of pure white marble—the central one much the largest—surmount the whole, with glittering tips of gilded copper spires, atop.

Two stately minarets right and left of 130 feet, of white marble and red sand stone, alternating, in vertical stripes, from top to bottom, with 5 galleries, at symmetrical intervals, running round outside; and access to the summit furnished by stairs of stone within. A lovely domed pavilion crowns the apex, from which a glorious view, for many miles around may be had; and Delhi itself, with its thousands of white, plastered houses lies at one's feet, the glare of white most gratefully softened by green tree tops, and affording a most pleasing view. Seen thus above as well as from its unusually broad streets, I think Delhi the handsomest city I have yet seen in India.

A hair of Mohammed's head is shown in one of the cloisters below, and the "faithful" believe it genuine. At which I do not smile in pity, but blush for very shame, that we are "all in the same boat" in one way or other. Superstition is not confined to the East—alas! "Relics" are holy the world over. Al! *Mea Culpa* we all may say.

The lovely rows of delicate white marble domes above the eastern gate to the grand mosque, look like strands of pearls around the throat of beauty. From a distance—like bubbles in a blaster, ready to burst and disappear as you look at them.

The Jumma Masjid—grand as it is on near inspection, and perfectly finished in all its parts, looks its best from a distance. Seen from the monument on the "Ridge," two miles out, it crowns the imperial city like a very diadem of glory and beauty. Verily Shah Jehan was the Solomon of his glorious time. And both were of Israel. From the top of the minaret of the Jumma Masjid, or the summit of the monument, looking S. W. the eye lights upon a graceful tower, far out, that impresses you, even 9 miles away, with its wondrous beauty of proportion and dizzy altitude. This is the famous "Kootub Minar"—the distinctive glory of Delhi—without—as the "Tai" is of Agrá.

We spent a delightful day in visiting it, getting back easily in time for our evening service. Only Sister Mackenzie went with our six Bro. and Mrs. Seymour, being weary and a little ailing, and already having visited it before, kept camp for us. Young of the Suffolks made the 8th of our happy party.

The excellent road over which our carriages passed is lined for miles on either side with great and small domed tombs in a better or worse state of preservation. Perhaps 100, at least, may be counted within easy reach of the road, and the horizon is dotted with them further off. It amazes, almost awes one to think of what once covered this historical ground in by gone ages.

"The Kootub" as it is called by all, is a red sand stone, round tower, 233 feet high, of surpassing beauty of design and finish—beginning with a diameter of nearly 50 feet at the ground and diminishing to 9 at the top. It has 5 storeys, ascending to the very summit, by the easiest flight of stairs I ever saw in a tower of any kind, anywhere; and unlike the stumbling, ill-lighted, badly ventilated abominations so common in spiral, internal stairways—one has abundance of light to see where one is going from bottom to apex. The first three storeys are fluted most beautifully; the 4th is plain and the 5th partly plain and parti-

ly fluted. The flutings are exquisitely tasteful, indescribably graceful and perfectly finished. At every storey one can walk round the entire tower by a raised gallery outside. These galleries add wonderfully to the beauty and symmetry of the structure. The three lower storeys are also additionally beautified with bengals of Arabic inscriptions in that most graceful of all characters in bas relief; girdling the tower at suitable intervals:

The three lower storeys are of red sandstone, the fourth of white marble and the fifth of the two intermingled.

It was formerly finished with an appropriate cupola as a capital, but that has long since disappeared, and the top has simply been "squared off" to prevent further dilapidation. A pavilion 20 feet in height of suitable finish would cost too much for an economical government, but it would make the Kootub what it was originally. It is incomparable even as it is. The man who built it did little else, at least that is known. He lived 700 years ago. His name Kootub-ud-deen. He had grand characteristics of some sort, I'll warrant. This tower is the proof. No man could invent, such a monument out of a shallow nature. But whether his inherent greatness flowed in a good or bad channel, the misty legends of the past informs us not. I am glad he lived, as far as I see of what he has left behind.

The great minar is surrounded by grandeur in ruins. A noble mosque originally rose beside it; but only magnificent fragments of it remain. A curious iron pillar 23 feet high stands in the ancient quadrangle of the mosque, about which there are no end of legends; but nothing really known, except that it is very ancient, dating back of Muslim conquest to times of Hindoo supremacy.

Returning, the same day, we visited the great tomb of Humayun—the father of Akbar the great. It is a prodigious affair, with immense dome, costly, elevated platform, finely paved, and in every way worthy of the august dust that reposes beneath its splendor. Here the last of the old Moghul race died by the hand of Capt. Hodson; who, bearing that the Princes who had headed and guided the defence of Delhi, in the mutiny, were concealed in this tomb, intrepidly followed the flying insurgents with a handful of brave men, ferreted them out and slew them with his own hand. The old blind Father of these rebellions of royalty, died, a state prisoner, at Rangoon, I think, not very long after. So perished ignobly the last of the "Great Moghul" dynasty. Even in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

Advertisement.

STATE OF IOWA,  
JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Whereas certain difficulties have arisen in relation to certain property that Eliza A. Mourey gave to Jos. Miller and in heat of passion and on rumors and reports, I have said hard things against said Joseph Miller, and M. J. Johnson and furthermore all financial difficulties have been settled between us and said Jos. Miller, now I, the undersigned, hereby state that said Jos. Miller has always treated us in a kind and gentlemanly manner and also that M. J. Johnson (who was the agent of said Eliza A. Mourey) gave to Jos. Miller and in heat of passion and perfectly finished in all its parts, looks its best from a distance. Seen from the monument on the "Ridge," two miles out, it crowns the imperial city like a very diadem of glory and beauty. Verily Shah Jehan was the Solomon of his glorious time. And both were of Israel. From the top of the minaret of the Jumma Masjid, or the summit of the monument, looking S. W. the eye lights upon a graceful tower, far out, that impresses you, even 9 miles away, with its wondrous beauty of proportion and dizzy altitude. This is the famous "Kootub Minar"—the distinctive glory of Delhi—without—as the "Tai" is of Agrá.

The best Sain in the world for Cutis, Bruises, Sore, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I, is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

An Old Citizen Speaks.

Mr. J. Morris, an old citizen of Rome, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for a great many years and with Eczema for three years; at times could scarcely walk, and had tried many remedies without benefit, before he began taking Electric Bitters and anointing his hands with Buckle's Arnica Salve. This treatment afforded him great relief and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints for a Blood Purifier. Sold by Penny & McAllister.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption has found its way to all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial Bottles Free at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store. Large size \$1.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Oil Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

What Can Be Done?

By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcomes all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottles only 50 cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by M. L. Bourne.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. M. L. Bourne.

CATARRH CURED; health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50c. Nasal injector free. For sale by M. L. Bourne.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by M. L. Bourne.

At a recent Dunkard baptismal service at Jones' Falls, Md., one of the baptized persons, a young woman was nearly strangled at the second dip, and so prostrated at the third that she had to be carried to a neighboring house and revived. A thirteen year old girl endured the ordeal with a smiling face. Each was in the ice cold water at least ten minutes.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

The continued fine weather has been too much for the gardeners. They are as busy as if they had an assurance that winter had blushingly slipped away from the lap of spring.

The mineral troupe dashed across our horizon on Wednesday morning, but learning that Dr. Brown was in feeble health, despaired of getting an appreciative audience and left without an exhibition.

Leslie M. Reid left us Tuesday for Kansas. J. C. Cooper, Esq., of Shelbyville, succeeded by dint of night traveling, being present at his sister's funeral. W. M. Carpenter is much improved in health.

Joe Coffey sold to Terhune for Tenn. 25 head of mules, rising 2 years old, at \$90. J. G. Weatherford sold to Jesse Hooper his gray gelding for \$200. G. C. Jenkins sold to J. G. Weatherford a bay gelding for \$155.

There is something abnormal in the atmosphere, or somewhere else. Cole Carpenter is complaining that his bees, which have been so carefully nurtured and educated, have been guilty of the solecism of sending out several colonies in March, a thing said to be without a precedent in the annals of bee keeping.

The solution of the conundrum "why could Hustonville poll 100 more votes in the democratic primary than it ever did before?" is easy when it is remembered that we are historically and emphatically a prolific people. The war is over, and, like Washington, Cincinnati and other luminaries of the suggest past, our people are devoting themselves to "the arts of peace." A friend suggests, in farther elucidation of the mystery, that the boys are all born democrats.

Cost of Cars.

A first-class standard eight-wheel American locomotive, with automatic train and driver brakes, is worth about \$7,000. A modern sleeper, with 42 inch steel tired wheels, six-wheel trucks and steel axles, is worth about \$10,000. A parlor car, with 42 inch steel tired wheels and steel axles, toilet-room and upholstered chairs, is worth about \$5,800. A first-class coach with toilet room, patent car warmer, 42 inch steel tired wheels and steel axles, is worth about \$5,000. A second-class coach, with 33 inch steel tired wheels and steel axles and patent car-warmer, is worth about \$4,200. A passenger car of modern design, with 42 inch steel tired wheels and axles, is worth about \$3,000. A 50-foot baggage car, of modern design, with same running gear, is worth about \$2,800. A standard 34 foot box car, with swing motion trucks and case wheels and iron axles, is worth about \$400. A coal car, with same trucks, is worth about \$25. A standard flat car is worth about \$300. Cabooses are worth from \$800 to \$1,200, owing to the build.—[See Line Gasz.

Steighing is very pretty amusement, but somehow it falls upon a fellow when he has two girls in the sleigh with him and dare not put his arms around one of them for fear of making the other mad. It is a sort of a game in which two of a kind can not be successfully played off. They make a too full hand.—[Fall River Advance.]

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Stanford, Ky., March 19, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

ANOTHER advocate of the whipping-post law appears in the Lexington *Gazette*, which says: There is a solution of the convict question in easy reach of the Legislature "if only" one strong hand was stretched out to grasp it, and that is in the enactment of a whipping-post law. Not one convict in ten would be sent there who are sent there now, and by a simple provision of the law it might be left optional with those who are now in the penitentiary for some of the lower grades of crime to accept a certain amount of stripes and be turned out. Probably scores would take a whipping and go free and thus relieve the State of the greatest embarrassment to which it has ever been subjected, and do much to relieve the depleted treasury. If the lash had never been abolished, there would not only not have been any necessity for a second penitentiary, but the one at Frankfort would never have been built. Is there no member of the Legislature of sufficient commanding influence to put through a measure of such obvious public expediency?

The old Confederate flag on the Southern Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Va., was placed at half mast on the occasion of the death of Stonewall Jackson's war horse, Old Sorrel, this week. The old soldiers were tenderly attached to him and watched over his last days with great solicitude. He was 32 years of age, was wounded twice during the war, and was the last surviving horse of the Confederate army. A taxidermist was at once set to work upon him, and will stuff and mount the horse, which will be placed in the Soldiers' Home. The animal after Jackson's death was placed at the Virginia Military Institute, and no one was allowed to ride him. He was taken to the New Orleans Exposition, and although kindly cared for by the soldiers of the Home, it is alleged that the trip fatally injured him.

SPEAKER OFFUTT incensed at Ed. Madden because of a newspaper article that showed him up in a bad light, issued orders excluding him from the reporter's desk. Madden had charged in his paper that the speaker had shown partisanship in favor of the filibustering tactics employed by the opponents of the bill making gambling a felony, all of which Offutt pronounced as unqualifiedly false. On the other hand Mr. Madden maintains that he can prove every word he wrote and has addressed a letter to the body asking for a full investigation, which will be had. If Madden can do as he says, Offutt deserves the censure of every man who wishes to see gambling made odious. We hope he can not.

THE Legislature could well devote itself to the consideration of a bill limiting the grounds for an appeal in criminal cases. These appeals have so often resulted in the release of murderers about whose guilt there was no shadow of doubt that in the public mind an appeal is only a device for shielding criminals. Nothing has done more to shake the confidence of the people in the rule of justice than the abuse of this right of appeal. It is almost impossible for the lower court to conform strictly to the varying and progressive ruling of the higher court and in consequence there has been throughout the State a suspension of the law punishing murder with death.—[Concierge-Journal.]

THE New York *World*, the greatest paper in the United States, has issued an almanac which excels anything of the kind ever produced. There are over 200 pages and the information they contain is a very encyclopedia of knowledge. It is sold at 25 cents and ought to be in the possession of everybody. The *World* newspaper circulation last Sunday was 228,453, a steady increase without any excitement to create and it seems that the 300,000, which Editor Pulitzer has set his head upon will be realized in a shorter time than even he expected.

JUDGE JACKSON, of the Louisville Circuit Court, has ordered that hereafter no by-standers shall be placed on juries in his court, convinced that many of the unjust acquittals and mistrials result by taking such fellows, who stand around for the purpose. Judge Jackson has done much to increase respect for the courts and for the laws of the land, and if Kentucky had a few more as able, as fearless and as conscientious judges, a better state of affairs would exist.

COL. WILL S. HAYS has our thanks for the neat little volume containing the best and latest of his songs. It is a real gem. We had no idea the versatile Col. had written so many and so splendid a collection of poems. Send to the *Courier-Journal* and get a copy for 25 cents, post paid.

SENATOR BECK pouted hot shot into the hide of Edmunds, who is leading the war on the presidential nominations, and ridiculed it thoroughly in a debate with him before the Senate Wednesday. It takes the old Scotchman to do that kind of business.

THE Legislature adjourned for St. Patrick's day. The next holiday for it will be All Fools' day, which will be very appropriately observed. The day must have been originally set apart for just such bodies.

THE fact that there is one preacher in the Kentucky penitentiary and no editors prove, if it prove anything, that the editors as a class outrank the preachers in obeying the precepts of the law.

The House Widows' Pension Bill, increasing pay from \$8 to \$12, passed the Senate without amendment.

A TENDER-HEARTED little damsel committed suicide at Buffalo because they would not let her go to the rink. We fear she will not be satisfied in heaven if she is not allowed to roll around in her favorite amusement.

#### THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

A petition is being circulated in Louisville asking that boycotting be made a criminal offense. This is a capital idea and a law providing for its severe punishment ought to be passed.

A bill having been introduced in the Kansas Legislature to change groundhog day from February 2 to February 1, it is now in order for the Kentucky Legislature to move to change Washington's birthday from the 23d to the 30th of February.—[Elizabethtown News.]

Speaker Offutt had read a resolution in regard to the leasing of convicts. It authorizes the Directors of the Kentucky penitentiary to relieve the Mason & Foard Company from further reliability as lessees of the convicts, and directs the committees of both the House and Senate on Revenue and Taxation to report bills, the provisions of which shall require the construction of additional cells in the present penitentiary, and for the completion of the branch penitentiary at Eddyville; also that the convicts be made to work on the latter.

Representative Cox, one of the Legislative investigating committee sent to the coal mines, says: My impression, gained from talks with the managers of the mines and from my own observation, is that there is work at Beaver Creek for more free miners than are obtainable, and that their idleness is largely due to their own obstinacy. I think these miners are being used by some one, probably the Knights of Labor, but for what purpose is not plain to me. In their ignorance the miners do not realize this fact, it seems, but are being blindly led by some one shrewder than they. Of course, if they are being wronged, I am for giving them proper and immediate relief.

#### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The new Electoral Court Bill was passed by the Senate.

Mrs. Elisha Dungan, of Pulaski, is dead, at the age of 73.

George W. Bain, the temperance evangelist, has become a citizen of Lexington.

The resignation of Gov. Eli H. Murray was requested Wednesday by Secretary Lamar.

A good-looking Christian county white girl has disgraced her name by eloping with a full-blooded negro.

Thomas Sharkey, of Lexington, committed suicide at Frankfort by shooting himself through the head.

Maj. John S. Barlow, of Barren county, a man identified with the political history of the State, is dead.

Charges have been preferred at Washington against O. O. Stealey for lobbying and the case will be investigated.

A newly invented telephone has been tested by which conversation was easily carried on between New York and Washington, 240 miles.

A mass meeting of the miners and citizens of Whitley is called to meet at Williamsburg, to-morrow at 1 o'clock to consider the convict question.

The L. & N. has compromised with Mrs. Georgie Brooks for the killing of her son, who was a brakeman, by paying her \$5,000 less of the sum of the suit.

Willinbacker, the hangman of Vienna, is dead. He had the office of public executioner twenty-four years, and during that time executed only thirty-six criminals.

The railroad war on rates to California still wages and second-class tickets are now down to \$20 with \$10 rebate, from points on the Missouri river to San Francisco.

The winter just closed has been remarkable for the highest rate of morality among statesmen and prominent men in Europe and the United States of any winter in twelve years.

A sensational report from Grenada, Miss., says that thirteen negroes were shot in the court-house. The tragedy, it is said, grew out of an attempted assassination of a prominent citizen by the negroes.

France is supposed to be especially wicked in the matter of illegitimate children, but figures show that in Denmark, of 1,000 births 76 are illegitimate, while Bayaria reports 96. The French rate is 75.

Mr. Courtney, who died in Delaware last Saturday, amassed a fortune of \$5,000,000, it is said, by making matches. But the fumes of the preparation brought on the complaint which terminated fatally.

Hon. M. Haber, Representative in Congress from Louisiana, was found dead in bed in Washington, his death having resulted from hemorrhage. He was a republican, and was once Governor of his State.

The loss on the Oregon is about a million and a half dollars. The top of her masts are in sight above water. The captain says he thinks the schooner which did the damage must have gone down with all on board.

Albert Netter, the Cincinnati broker, was the successful bidder for refunding \$2,240,000 6 per cent Ohio bonds. He agrees to refund the entire amount at 3 per cent, and pay a premium of \$21.35 on each \$1,000 bond.

Professor Tasso, of Newport, Ky., one of the pioneer fiddlers of the West, is dying at the age of 85. He claims to have been the hero of the adventure in Arkansas out of which grew the musical absurdity known as "The Arkansas Traveler."

The New Hampshire Insurance law acts like a charm. If a company insures an honest man's house for a thousand dollars, and the house burn up, the company ought to pay the thousand dollars. Otherwise it has been stealing money. If the insured prove dishonest, jail him.

Col. Robert A. Johnson, the well-known and highly esteemed Kentuckian and turfman, died Monday in Knoxville, where he was temporarily residing.

The President has nominated Civil Service Commissioner Trenholm to be controller of the currency, John H. Oberly, of Illinois, to take Mr. Trenholm's place on the civil service commission, and Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, to succeed Dorman E. Eaton on that body.

In an interview with a gentleman who appears to be posted, the Louisville *Commercial*, publishes the following: "It is a well-known fact that some of the men who were urging and instigating the miners to violence are men of disreputable character, two of them being well-known murderers, outlaws and desperadoes who are now defying the law and evading bench warrants upon indictments, while others are saloon keepers and whisky sellers who are known violators of the law." The latter object to the convicts solely because they can not sell them whisky and in consequence their business is broken up.

#### DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Laborers are now digging the cellar for the new building to be erected by the Danville Planing Mill Company on Main street next to J. M. Hackney & Co.

The juniors of Centre College have ordered a lot of class hats, which will be here to-morrow and which when worn will distinguish their wearers from the rest of mankind.

The weather has been mild and spring-like for several days; the minnows and fishing worms are hiding and the usual spring falsehoods in regard to the size and number of fish caught, are floating on the balmy air.

Signor Ricardo, of New Orleans, the world-renowned magician, illusionist, ventriloquist, mezzotint, pianist, vocalist and elocutionist, with his troupe of royal marionettes, showed at the Opera House last night.

Rue & Hudson sold on Wednesday to Price Hudson, of Louisville, 11 good Southern horses, averaging from \$150 to \$190 each. Bowen Fox sold same day to Mont Fox a fine 2-year-old Messenger Chief gelding for \$168.

George Peters and William Pigg were tried Tuesday before Judge Lee for breaking open a freight car at the depot and stealing several pairs of shoes. Both are young negro boys and both were held for further trial in the sum of \$75 each. Unable to give bail, they went to jail, where they will lay for the next six months at the expense of the county.

J. Bell Caldwell, of this county, was shot and killed Monday night about 8.30 o'clock by Albert Sallee, in the old college campus. Sallee admitted the killing and gave himself up and is now under guard. The examining trial is set for Friday. Sallee claims that the deceased was making hostile demonstrations when the shot was fired. No weapon was found on Caldwell's person except an old pocket knife, which was in his pantaloons pocket, closed up. Caldwell was about 35 years old and unmarried. Sallee is about 22 years old and also unmarried.

Mr. E. Zimmerman, President of the Chesapeake & Nashville Railway Company, has recently written a letter to a prominent citizen of Danville from which the following is an extract: "Our people in New York inform me that citizens of Danville have written to them asking that the road be extended through Danville to a connection with the Kentucky Central at Lancaster. Our people ask me to send them an estimate and survey of the line from Lancaster to Danville and request the committee at Danville to let me know what they are willing to do providing the extension is made. Let them do this and I will forward their proposals. The committee might have an act passed by the Legislature enabling the town or county to assist in building the road; it will do no harm. Work on the road is progressing satisfactorily. We will begin laying track the first of next month."

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

The church at Mt. Olivet, this county, was dedicated the 7th inst., Rev. Morris Evans, of this place, officiating.

Garrard county is getting there slowly but surely. The county jail and workhouse also are empty, police court is rarely in session and then has little business.

Samuel Farris, colored, a gentleman of election bulldozing notoriety, was arrested here this week by F. M. Stegar and taken to Danville, where he was wanted on some charge.

Mr. Lemuel Sisk, of Newark, Ohio, was in Lancaster Wednesday evening inquiring into the circumstances connected with the killing of his son by the K. C. Railroad. He has instituted suit against the road for \$20,000 damages. He is a plain, unassuming, gentlemanly old man, with a large family and dependent in a large measure on his children for support. He has had two sons and a son-in-law killed by railroads within the last year and talks about the death of his children with much feeling.

Mr. James H. West, who acceptably filled a position as clerk in a dry goods house in this place, has returned to his home in Perryville, much to the regret of the many friends that he made while here. Prof. J. M. Harbison is suffering with a severe cold this week, being unable to teach. Mr. Howard Rice has removed to the Arnold property on Danville street. Miss May Wilmore, of Jessamine, is the guest of friends here. Mrs. J. Roe Young will shortly join her husband, who is in the Indian Territory, having been recently appointed an Indian agent. Messrs. Guy E. Wiseman and Frank Fox, of Danville, were in town Tuesday. Col. W. O. Bradley has uniformed his cadets, who look exceedingly well when they assume military airs. Misses

Eliza Lusk and Kate Mason have recovered from their recent illness. Col. C. W. Sweeney has returned from New York, whence he went to prepare for the spring trade in dry goods. Mr. R. H. Batson is in Cincinnati. Mr. Steve Estus is reported convalescent.

PUBLIC SALE OF GOODS.—On Tuesday, the 30th of March, 1886, at 2 o'clock P. M. As trustee of W. O. Rigney I will, on the 30th day of March, 1886, in the store house now occupied by W. O. Rigney, in Lancaster, Ky., sell to the highest and best bidder, at public auction, a stock of goods, consisting of an elegant line of boots and shoes and ready made clothing and gents furnishing goods. There is about \$3,000 worth of goods in the stock in splendid merchantable condition. The sale will be made on a credit of one half the 1st of January 1887, and one half the 1st of July, 1887, with interest from date. Negotiable note with security will be required. Persons desiring to purchase are invited to examine the stock of goods before the day of sale. The store-room in which the goods are now can be rented on reasonable terms. J. G. SWEENEY, March 17, 1886. Trustee.

#### MAN KILLED.

Statement of Eye Witnesses Exonerating Col. Slaughter.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

We, the undersigned, witnessed the killing of John W. Baker, colored, by D. G. Slaughter at Dripping Springs on Thursday morning, March 18, 1886. Mr. S. was starting to Paint Lick and had sent said Baker to catch up his horse. The night previous Baker and his wife had had a fit and was still mad. As he brought up the horse it shied and he commenced pulling and jerking him. Mr. S. told him to stop and remonstrated with him about it and laid his hand on his shoulder and told him he was mad at his wife and wanted to take his spit out on the horse, that if he did not stop his cutting up around here he was going to wear him out. Baker ran his right hand in his pocket and said in a very rough and defiant manner "Let's see you." Mr. S. then turned and walked up on the porch and into his store-house. Baker still following him to the edge of the porch and as he neared the porch drew his pistol, a 38, centre fire, bull dog. Slaughter got his pistol from the store and stepped to the front door with it in his hand by his side. Baker, who was waiting for him 6 feet away at the edge of the porch, raised his pistol and fired twice in rapid succession. His first shot went close to Mr. S.'s head and entered a joist in the store; the second hit Mr. S. centre on the watch pocket on left side, entering and completely shattering his watch, which was a solid nickel Longines and which saved Mr. S. life. The force of the shock knocked Mr. S. back and we all thought he was killed. Then Mr. S. raised his pistol and fired twice and Baker walked around the corner of the house and fell dead. Said Baker was a good work hand, but of a very bad temper when mad. He and his wife were constantly in a fuss and the night before he had been quarreling with her and she had gone out and threatened to hang herself. The killing is greatly to be deplored, but Mr. S. only acted in self defense, and did only as any one would in saving his own life. E. Vanhouse, carpenter, James Wadie Baker, clerk, John T. Adams, James Best, colored, Jimmie T. Slaughter.

In Memory of Little Annie Belle.

On the 14th of March, ere the sun illumined the eastern sky, the angel of death entered the household of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Pratt and claimed for its victim their darling little granddaughter, Annie Belle Holley, aged one year and five months.

Annie Belle was born Nov. 4th, 1884. She was the daughter of Engineers W. R. Holley and Isabelle Holley; also granddaughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Carter. As little nie was left motherless she (Annie) never knew the tender care of a loving mother (who died a year ago the 27th of Feb.)

We well know that she has received the best of care from the hands of her grandmothers. No more will we see her pleasant countenance or hear her musical voice, but we can hope to meet her among those who have washed their robes and made them whiter than snow. Loving father and grandparents, God hath taken Annie Belle from thee for purposes known only to Himself, therefore murmur not, weep not, but remember that He doeth all things well.

The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.

She is not dead, but sleepeth; Sleepeth in Christ's fond embrace; Resting there quietly, sweetly, Watching the Savior's dear face.

They wept when they saw their darling Hid from their sight forever, Yet wept, for their hearts were breaking, And bled at every pore.

She was so young to leave us, So happy and full of life; The world was full of sunshine, No sorrow, care, or strife.

Her life was so bright before them. No cloud had appeared in their skies, But now their pathway is shadowed, O'er cast with sorrows and sighs.

Oh, Annie, they mourn for you sadly, Though you're gone to the land ever fair; Sadly their eyes ever wandered To your desolate, empty chair.

A faithful cousin, MAGGIE, Were you looking, dear Annie from heaven, When they lowered your form from their bier? Did you know how their hearts were breaking? Did you hear their deep, mournful sighs?

Good-bye, then, dear one, forever; Their darling, their own true love, Too soon, abo, too soon did call you To dwell with Him far above."

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - - - March 19, 1886

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

### L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mall train going North	1 55 P. M.
" " " South	12 15 A. M.
Express train" North	1 32 A. M.
" " " South	2 05 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster!

### LOCAL NOTICES.

LANDRETH's Garden Seeds at McRoberts & Stagg's.

LANDRETH's garden seed in bulk and packages at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

BUY the Hass Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford matches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

### PERSONAL.

-MR B R WILMOT, of Gum Sulphur, was to see us Tuesday.

-MR S E LACKY, of Gallatin, Tenn., is visiting his parents.

-MISS SUE COZATT, Parksville, is the guest of Mrs. M. G. Nevins.

-REV H C MORRISON, of Covington, is visiting his old friends here.

-MRS CAPT J H MYERS has gone to Flemingsburg to visit her relatives.

-MESSRS P H IDOL and D S Hinman, of Danville, were here yesterday.

-MR J W BROWN, wife and little Conn Brown, of Mt. Vernon, were here yesterday.

-MR GEORGE H DOBBINS, of Danville, an Old Virginian, made us a pleasant call Wednesday.

-MRS ELLA SMILEY has returned from Danville and can now be found at her millinery store on Main street.

-MR GEORGE E STONE, a probable candidate for Congress, to succeed General Wofford, is here on legal business.

-MR J H VANHOOK, of the firm of Ware & Vanhook, McKinney, has been appointed and confirmed as notary public.

-MR GEORGE W JOHNSON, the sole representative of Ross, Robbins & Co, paper dealers, Cincinnati, was here Wednesday.

-MR M C MILLER, cashier of the Austin, Texas, National Bank, is on a visit to relatives. The Lone Star State appears to have agreed with his constitution, as he is looking well.

-MRS MARY DUNN and Miss Mary Logan, of Louisville, Mrs. J C Coldwell and little Mary, of Elizabethtown, and J B Huffman, of Lexington, came to pay the last tribute of respect to their kinsman, Mr. James Paxton.

-MR L I COLEMAN, Secretary of the Altamont Coal Company for several years, has resigned and yesterday passed down to Harrodsburg, where he will take a similar position with the Mercer Coal & Grain Co. Mr. Coleman is an excellent business man and the miners showed their appreciation of his justice and fairness to them by presenting him with a handsome gold headed cane.

### LOCAL MATTERS.

FINEST CIGARS at Waters & Raney's.

FRESH canned goods at T. R. Walton's.

THE Presbyterian choir is now led by a concert, and Mr. A G Huffman is the concert master.

DEATH - Mrs. Nancy Foley, sister of Mr. Moses Collier, of this county, died at Lake City, Ill., last week.

LITTLE ANNIE BELLE, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W R Holley, died at Rowland, a few days ago.

THE last Rink was the liveliest of the season and the one to-night promises to be equally so. Everybody invited.

WE have cut the price on everything in our line to correspond with the times. Call and be convinced. Metcalf & Foster.

TO THE LADIES - We have just received a splendid line of spring millinery and we ask you to call and examine our stock. Misses Smiley & Warren.

GOV McCREADY has kindly sent us a number of packages of seed, including a lot of tobacco seed, which our farmer friends can get by calling at this office.

THE ladies of the editorial household, both home and visiting, are profuse in their expressions of appreciation of a serenade Tuesday night. Each declares that she never heard sweeter music and all wish to return their sincere thanks for the nice compliment.

"THE Mill on the Floss," a beautiful and finely-executed painting by that charming little artist, Miss Ella Peyton, is on exhibition at the store of Metcalf & Foster and will be raffled off when 40 chances at 50¢ are taken. It is well worth the price fixed for it and judging from the way the chances are being taken it will be disposed of this week.

A. E. GIBBONS, proprietor of the Third street Parlor, Danville, Ky., is now prepared to furnish anything in the line of Wall paper, from the cheapest to the very finest that can be found in any city in the Union, at very low prices. Also a full line of paints, oils, varnishes and window glass. I also have a large stock of wall paper that has never before been introduced in Central Kentucky, such as Linen-crust, Valoura, Felts and Ingrains. Will furnish full instructions for putting up the papers. Paper furnished on wall when desired. Please examine my stock before buying.

N. Y. SEED Potatoes. T. R. Walton.

HARNESS and saddlery regardless of cost. Metcalf & Foster.

FOR RENT - A No. 1 store house in the heart of Stanford, Ky. B. VanArdale.

THOSE indebted to the firm of Bright & Metcalf will please call and settle their accounts as I am about to leave Stanford. H. C. Bright.

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NEGRO KILLED - In another column we give the statement of the only witnesses of the killing of John Baker by Col. Dan G. Slaughter at Dripping Springs, yesterday morning. It was a most unfortunate occurrence, but according to the statement the Colonel had either to do as he did or get killed himself. It was a close call for him anyway.

THE SENSATION OF THE HOUR - The auction sale of dry goods by S. L. Powers & Co, seems to be carrying all before it. The large room is crowded day and night with eager buyers who seem to understand the importance of "making hay while the sun shines." All classes of the best goods are sold to the highest bidder wholly regardless of value or cost. Mr. Powers seems in dead earnest in his purpose to let his customers have their own way for a while. The sale will continue all of this week and part of next. Ladies are especially invited to attend the day sales and comfortable seats are provided. Special job lot sale of all kinds of goods to-morrow, Saturday. Everybody invited.

CIRCUIT COURT - Judge M. H. Owsley and Commonwealth's Attorney R. C. Warren both appeared at their posts Tuesday. A number of cases were disposed of during the day, including the following: J. G. Harris, for assault and battery, was fined \$40; David Emberson, colored, for carrying concealed weapons, was given 10 days in jail and fined \$25; James Yocom, same charge, acquitted; Reuben Hiatt did not put in an appearance, but a judgment of \$100 and 30 days in jail was entered against him for toting a pistol; Hiatt's bond was also declared forfeited and judgment entered against him for the amount and a bench warrant ordered to issue; the case for malicious shooting and another for carrying a pistol against Reuben C. Engleman, were set for the eighth day of the term; John Carter's bond to answer for obtaining goods on false pretenses, was declared forfeited; so was F. Dillon's as a witness; W. G. Dye, an idiot, and John B. Stewart, a lunatic, were each allowed \$75 for their maintenance; John Bastin, breach of the peace, fined one cent and costs; Henry Hester was fined \$20 in three whisky cases and the other four were stricken from the docket; Bird Carter, trespass, \$10 and costs; L. F. Sharp, nuisance, indictment quashed; A. M. Felaard, obstructing public road, dismissed; Sam Gragg, two cases carrying weapons, \$25 and 10 days in jail in each; J. S. Pennybacker, retailing \$20 in two cases; Mrs. Dudley Vaughn, keeping tippling house, \$60 in two cases; judgment for \$250 as security for T. J. Bales and \$50 for failure to appear as witness, was entered against W. M. Howard.

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THE First National Bank has added to the appearance of its large plate glass windows by having enamel letters cemented on them. The old badly punctuated sign at the Myers House has given place to a nice, new one and the Portman House now attracts the eye with its name across half of the front. Louis H. Ramsey, the Lexington artist, is doing the work.

In the Chappell murder case yesterday, Hon. Fontaine Fox Bobbitt says he completely non plussed Colonel Hill by repeating in full his argument the Colonel's speech, which he had shown him in manuscript the day before, without taking the pains to find out whether he, Bobbitt, was on the other side or not. The Colonel doesn't often get backed, but he did this time.

THERE was never a lovelier spell of weather in March than has for a full week gladdened the heart of nature. The breezes have blown softly from the south, bringing with them the aroma of turnip greens, young onions and such like, while our blue grass fields appear to smile in very gladness. Next week may put an end to dream of spring time, but we will enjoy the prospect while we may.

THE attendance at the funeral services of Mr. James Paxton was the largest we have ever seen in this section. He was held in high esteem by everybody that knew him and all seemed anxious to pay him the last tribute of respect. Besides Mr. Moffett, who preached the sermon, there were present three other preachers, Revs. Pollitte, Mahony and Gibson and each took a part in the service. The procession was more than a mile long and there were hundreds who attended the burial that were unable to go to the services at his late residence.

MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. John W. Coomes and Miss Samantha A. McKee, was solemnized on the 18th.

The report that President Cleveland is engaged to marry Miss Van Vechten, of Albany, is no doubt a canard.

Mr. Crittenden Pepper, of Bourbon, and Miss Mary Rose, of this county, were married at Mr. Martin Ross' yesterday.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. J. M. Evans' meeting at Mt. Sterling has resulted in over 30 additions.

The revival at the Main street Christian church, Lexington, closed Monday night with 100 new members added to the membership.

Brother Bruce received a letter from Rev. H. T. Daniel, yesterday, saying that his meeting at Mt. Vernon, Ill., closed with 45 additions.

Rev. R. B. Mahony has accepted calls from the Waco and Republican churches in Madison county and will remove to Richmond with his family in a week or two.

Rev. Sam Jones says Chicago has beaten the first two weeks' records in St. Louis and Cincinnati, and reckons the number of converts to date in Chicago at about five hundred.

LAND STOCK AND CROP

Hay for sale. I. M. Bruce.

Corn for sale. M. S. Peyton, Stanford.

A few more Jersey cows for sale. J. G. Carpenter.

Wm. Catron sold to Saniford Irwin 20 year-old cattle at 4½.

FOR SALE - 14 good work mules. J. F. & B. G. Gover, Stanford.

J. R. Nunnelley sold to Mr. Ed. McRoberts a horse for \$107.

Six mules 1½ hands high and 6 years old sold at Bowling Green at \$130.

John Simpson, of Garrard, sold 12 head scrub cattle to L. J. Rout at 3½ cents.

Twenty-five or thirty tons of nice timothy hay, baled, for sale. J. Bright, Stanford.

In Bourbon county Wm. Looman sold to Jacob Jacobi 30 barrels of corn at \$1.60 in the field.

S. W. Givens bought of George Bright 16 head of cattle averaging 800 pounds at \$31 per head.

Miller Bros., of Jessamine county, sold 1,200 bushels of oats at 37½ cents per bushel, delivered in Lexington.

Squire Murphy, after a careful examination, pronounces the chances for a good wheat crop very flattering.

E. Browning, Jr., of Clark county, bought of Simon Wiehl, of Lexington, 200 head of medium 1,000-pound cattle, at \$26 per head.

The largest barn in the world is probably that of the Union Cattle Company, of Cheyenne, near Omaha. It covers five acres, cost \$125,000 and accommodates 3,750 head of cattle.

There were on the market at Georgetown Monday 250 cattle, the best selling at \$4.40 per ewt.; yearlings, \$2 to \$2.25; calves, \$1.80 to \$2.15 per head, according to quality.

Some good work mules brought \$120.

Farmers in the northern section of Ohio are much alarmed over the appearance of swarms of young grasshoppers.

Several farmers, it is stated, have discovered their strawberries alive with young grasshoppers about half an inch in length.

-Chandler & Cannon, of Tennessee, bought of Wm. Burton, of Garrard, 18 2-year-old mules at \$50; of E. T. Pence, 4, and S. J. Embry, 3 at same price.

The seed wheat sold to farmers in northern Ohio at \$15 a bushel as an improved variety, proves only to have been an extra selection of ordinary wheat cleaned and sorted. Cases are reported in which farmers sold their wheat to agents of the "companies" at \$1.10 and afterwards bought the same wheat back at \$15.

Marcus Bean, of Wade, has a 2 year-old heifer with a young calf, that gives 4 gallons of milk after the calf has had as much as it wants. What is stranger still, this young cow gives milk from six teats. At Thomas Embry's sale mules brought from \$2

## THE FANCHER TWINS.

When the earth was shadowed and paled in that great eclipse in the year 1755 terror seized the people, for nature seemed reversed, and a stifling calm came over all things, so that the beasts in the field gave frightened cries, and the dogs barked, and the fowls, even at midday, sought their perches.

Just at that hour there had gathered in the Fancher homestead in Westchester county, New York, on the Hudson river, neighbors, kindly bent on ministering to one in the most sacred of all necessities. And when the mid-day shadow began to permeate the atmosphere, and to grow denser and denser, and the ghastly light revealed the other and unusual sights without, the neighbors sat crouched before the great fire in the living-room, close together and speaking only in a hoarse whisper, casting half-averted glances from the window into the weird light beyond. But one a motherly matron, was in the inner room, whence once she appeared with gloomy countenance, saying: "It were better we were dead, for this will blight its life."

And the neighbors asked in whispers, not for the child, but for the mother, and the matron replied: "She does not know that the sun was darkened when the baby came to us."

By and by the matron came into the great room bearing a burden in her pillow'd arms, and having lifted the blanket of soft wool, she permitted the friends to peer at the little child.

"Is it—does it live?" one asked.

"Pity it, for it does. It is a boy, and he will be dark and fierce, and who knows what; for do you suppose that such as that which happened to the sun will not prevail over one who at that time came to us?"

And the infant even then opened his eyes upon them.

"He does not cry," said one.

"No, but his fists are doubled," said another.

"They always are; that signifies nothing," said the matron.

"Aye, but not clenched and firm with resistance like his."

"If he would cry I would like it," continued the first.

"I doubt if he ever sheds a tear," said the matron, who bore him upon her arm.

And then the father came and looked for many moments upon his first born, and at length he said: "His name shall be Daniel."

Then, when the shadow on the earth had gone, and just as the sun was setting behind the White Plains hills, the matron came again, bearing another burden gently, and as she lifted the tip of the covering to let them see, she said, "Twas when the sun was shining brightly this one came to us, and he will be fair and gentle and comely, but the shadow of his brother's birth will be upon him all his days."

The women, when they saw this infant, said that his eyes were Fancher eyes—that is to say, were fair blue; and his hair, which was like a little ray of sunlight, like his mother's and all her kin.

When the father had looked upon this one he said: "He shall be called David."

As they grew the people all agreed that rather than Daniel and David their names might better have been Esau and Jacob; for Daniel was dark, like some of the Indians who lived near by, and his head was shaggy, with thick, black hair. He was fierce and impetuous, and gave promise to become a mighty hunter, or else a warrior, for he talked of war and bloodshed, and before he was 10 years old had led his brother far away in search of Indians to conquer. But David was gentle. He toved the farm and the cattle, but he cared for no other mates, because he was content with Daniel.

When Daniel had come into possession of his strength his fame as a strong man spread far and near, and they said that he had killed an ox with a blow, and had captured two robbers from the town below and held them with a grip of steel, each by an arm; and no said yes or no to him until his desire was first ascertained. But David they loved because of his gentleness.

There lived in the town of Bedford, some miles distant, Miss Persis Rowland, and it was said of her that, fair as all other maidens were, there was none like her, and she knew it, and was pleased therewith, and that she coveted not only admiration, but the acknowledgement of it, whereby many a stalwart young fellow had favored her wish to his sorrow.

One day Miss Persis summoned one who obeyed her always, and said to him: "There is to be the great assembly of the year on St. Valentine's eve, and the sleighing is fine."

"That will be well, mistress. But whether the sleighing was fine or not the young fellows from miles around will come."

"No, the winter is dull."

"Aye, but 'tis not that; and you know well mistress' why they come, and why, if you were not there, they would quickly depart."

"But it tires me to see the same faces, with their staring, yearning eyes. There's no spark in them. I hear of one below who, they say never even so much as lets his eye rest on a maid, not from abashment, but because he cares not for them, at all, being in love with his own shadow—that is, his twin brother. It would please me to set my eye upon such a man."

"Ah, he never saw you, mistress, for if he had the brother would be forgot."

"Have you seen him, what looks he like? Is he strong and fierce, and does he scowl, and does he permit himself a beard?"

"He is all these things, and all men seem to fear him but the brother, and he says nothing to the women."

"If you would please me, as so often you suggest you do, you will see that this strange being and his brother are present at the assembly. The sleighing will be fine, I said."

It happened that the young man, being greatly desirous of doing whatever might make this woman smile even for an instant upon him, with caution approached David, and at last won his promise that he and Daniel would attend the assembly. But when David and his brother talked about it, Daniel said: "You have said we would go therefore we will. But why do they chatter so of this young woman? Is she unlike others? Have they not all eyes that cast on young men, David, and do they not all pucker their lips that their smiles may seem more pleasing? Fools they be who are bewitched thereby; but you have said we will go, and we do what we say, David."

So, as the young men and women were engaged in the courtly mirth, in the great assembly room, there came among them the Fancher twins. They stood side by side in the further end of the room, where the light from the great burning logs revealed them clearly. They were of an even height and tall, but one was muscular and strongly built, and his face seemed in the dim light more swarthy than it really was, and his thick black hair stood in shaggy masses, as nature had arranged it, and without the rigid dressing of the time. The other was light upon his face, for the bright faces and the gay dresses and the twinkling of candles pleased him.

Miss Persis had seen them as they entered, and through with demure and graceful manner she seemed occupied with the evolution of the dance, yet she saw them all the while. When the cotillion was ended she summoned her adorer and said: "The dark one, that is

he. Why do you permit them to stand there? Will his brother be his partner in the next set? He must not. Why do you not bring him to me?"

And so the youth in stiff periwig and silken stockings and satin breeches, went to Daniel, and bowing, said: "Tis dull for you, I fear."

"If so we can go as we came."

"But not until you have been presented?"

"We came to see, not to be seen."

"He wishes to present you, Daniel," said his twin brother David.

"Well, he may do it."

But the youth with some embarrassment perceived that Daniel had no thought of moving when David were by, and he thought how often he had heard it said: "The fair one is the other's shadow." But he led them both to the high-backed chair wherein the fair Persis sat; and though Daniel stood before her staring grimly at her without abashment, and David, with becoming humility, bowed low beneath her beauty, yet she took no heed of the fair one, but spoke to the dark one only.

"So I surmise."

The next afternoon Daniel mounted his horse and went flying along the King street to Bedford, and when he returned he limped as though lame, but said nothing.

"You are lame, Daniel," said David.

"Yes; a colt kicked me, but I mastered him."

On the next day David mounted the horse and away he went, Daniel paying no heed to his departure. When he came back he said nothing.

"Are you going supperless to bed?" asked his twin brother.

"I have eaten supper with friends," said David quietly.

Then until the winter frost were yielding to the summer sun Daniel and David ate and slept and worked together, but in silence, and almost every day one or the other went hurrying off toward the north, but never together.

One day after David had gone, Daniel an hour later followed. He drove straight to the door of Esquire Rowland's mansion, and without ceremony entered, passing to the best room. There he saw David sitting beside the fair Persis, who had not heard Daniel's name.

"What is it to you?" he said.

"Because it has not been our wish," Daniel replied with grave dignity.

"It is a delight for us to see a strong man here," she said. "A woman might almost lose her faith in men not such as you appear once and awhile."

"My strength is my own, and David's. What is it to you?" he said.

"What is it to me? The pleasure of novelty. They say there is a war brooding, and troops have fought already on Bunker Hill. It is that to me that gives me and all women sense of safety, for I now know that there are men fearless and brave, and quick to fight an enemy, and we shall, therefore, be safe. Ah! why was I a woman?"

"You talk of strength. It is weak to be mean your fate."

"Would you not bemoan too had you been born without arms?"

"If you were a man what would you do?"

"Be strong and glory in it. If there were war, I would command an army, as you might, and if there were peace I would command the homage and affection of every fair maid."

"To command an army is well; to woo and win is pastime for puerile men."

"So little do you know and realize the power of strength. The greatest victories that a man can win are those which enable him to woo and wed whichever of all the maids he ever saw that he desires. If she be proud he can subdue her pride, and that is a greater feat than winning a battle; and if she be vain he can make her forget herself, and, if she be selfish he can make her forget herself, and if she be well favored above all other maids he can be conscious that, if he will, the beauty is for him, and that is a conquest of all other men."

As she said this she looked up at him, bending her graceful neck that she might obtain full view of his stern face, and compel him thereby to look upon her. And when he had perceived her face, and the beauty of it he did not speak, but led her to the remote corner of the great room, and then unloosing her arm turned so that he might stand squarely before her. He looked at her steadily for a moment and she quailed. She asked at once what you do with me?" And what the other says, that will be done?"

"That is true, Daniel. She cannot cut the bond that binds us."

"I love her as myself, David, and you me, for we are indeed in all body one. Therefore we must see her no more. And as in most contrary passions pull them this way and that, so one of us may be overcome by our passion and visit the girl again. If so, whenever does shall go to the other and confess and say: 'What shall I do? What will you do with me?' And what the other says, that will be done."

"There is reason and purpose in this pledge, Daniel, and we will make it."

"David, if it is you who comes to me I shall say what I hope you will say to me if I fall."

"And that is to end my life?"

"That is what it is."

One day some weeks later Daniel came to David and led him to the grotto that he had found in the old house.

"David, I am a poor weakling. I have seen her again yesterday. You know our pledge," and here Daniel drew from his pocket a pistol.

David looked upon his brother with an agonizing glance, while Daniel stood before him grim and fierce, and very dark. His hand was upon the trigger.

"I can't, I can't, Daniel," David said.

"You can, for if I were in your place I could and would command you to keep your pledge and do as I bid. There is no escape, but here," and he held up a weapon.

"No, I can not bid you do it, though the hand of death is upon me."

"Yes, and you don't know? Well, I'll try you. In have a powerful but vicious colt; no man dares approach him. I think you would dare. Will you come to-morrow and break it for me?"

"There may be some. Who knows? I would be as frank as you. There is one who would break it for me!"

"I don't know whether I would or not, for you mean me."

"Yes, and you don't know? Well, I'll try you. In have a powerful but vicious colt; no man dares approach him. I think you would dare. Will you come to-morrow and break it for me?"

"I will come with my brother."

"Then you dare not come alone."

He looked half angrily upon her a moment and then said: "I will come alone."

"Now go and fetch your brother to me. He stands there now alone, looking with great eyes at you. Is there some intangible bond between you?"

"My brother is myself and I am he."

"Then bring him quickly, and leave us for awhile that I may perceive how Daniel acts in David's person, as I have already seen in Daniel's person."

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